The Jollys' Bull Pup Is Saved by the Twins



BY CHARLES DARNTON.

humor? Not all of it, to be sure, for much of this literary pilot's work is still so young that it puts patches on the seat of your reading habit and leads you to turn joyous somersaults on his pages, But this is a roundabout way of getting to the Colonel, where Mark (add the \$ if you like) is being introduced to the more or less "continuous" by the more or less continuous Arnold Daly. It must be admitted that Mr. Daly keeps going.

just as he keeps various managers "going some," as they say on the Speedway Mr. Daly, perhaps, cannot afford to stop after "The Regeneration" and "His Wife's Family." And so he has gone vaudeville, dragging with him Mark Twain, in the manuscript if not

in the flesh and the white flannel tai-According to the Colonial's neat but not gaudy programme, "Becoming an Editor" is by Mark Twain and Gabriel immory. We know Mark by the olume, but we can't quite place Gaoriel. Timmory sounds like a wee drop of Irish in a glass of absinthe, but

we recall that "Becoming an Editor"

onelle Gabriel to Mark At the same time there's no getting away from the Irish in Daly. He talks I wain as he would Shaw, and unless we are very much mistaken he will talk Bernard Shaw in plays and "inerviews" to the end of his days. That's why we are a bit puzzled to see where Twain comes in at the Colonial. Mr. haly makes Mark sound a trifle queer, ot to say far removed from the humor

With all due respect to our whited sepulchre of wit. Mr. Daly rises superior to him in speech and manner. He edits Twain instead of the "Chicago Farmer." He runs the newspaper "shop" according to Shaw, and when stupid editor that journalistic success

must be won along original lines and not according to the cut-and-dried policy of old fogies he runs Shaw at the top of the column and next to reading matter. Vaudeville audiences may not see this, and to tell the whole truth they may not see much of anything in "Becoming an Editor." Put the fact that they see Daly is enough for "headliner" purposes. To see him trying to run even so small a thing as a newspaper is worth something, for he is much more up-todate than the humor of the sketch, it you did not hear him tell The Old Subscriber that carrots should be shaken from a tree and not picked, and that the Brussels sprout is a beautiful fish that should be kept in a warm room when

it is tatching its, little ones, you might, judging by his style and his highly cultivated accent, take him to be the editor of a society journal. And when he runs in Socrates, Saphocles, Euripides and other old favorites you have still greater doubts of his agricultural training. The Hairy Man, who comes in later to pay his respects to the amateur editor, seems perfectly justified in arriving at the concluson that he is not crazy after hearing the unripe journalist explain

Arnold Daly as Sam Brooker.

Hamilton Mott as the Hairy Man.

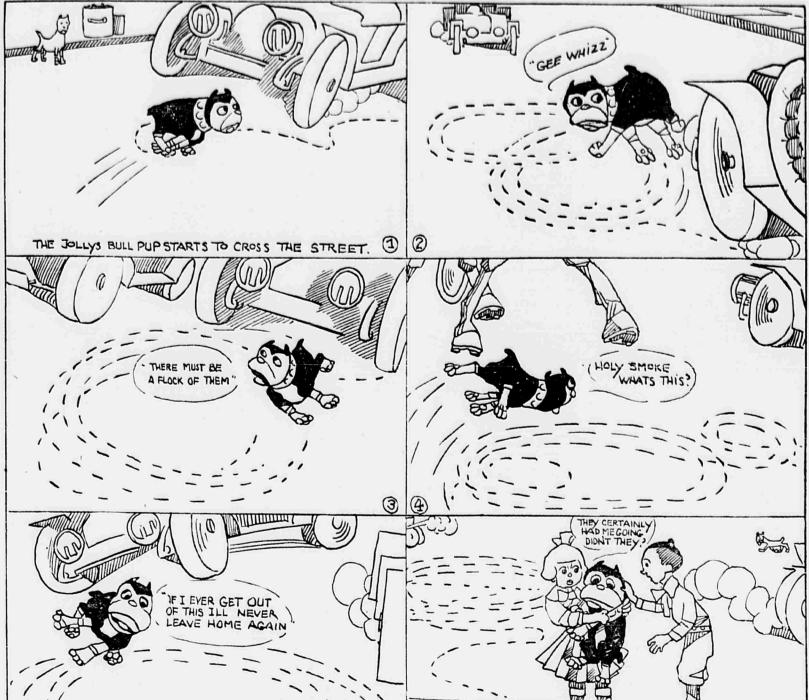
This is the "humor" of Twain warmed over for vaudeville use. To the glory of Daly let it be said that he makes it "go" and that his Shawesque style of pointing the moral of increased circulation at the end wins for him the "ad" that actors need in their business-the "display ad" of applause. And then, too, Mr. Daly wins the plump stenographer, acted with marked enthusiasm by Miss Josephine Brown. He looks so young that she can't resist

If you go to see Mr. Daly, stay to hear Miss Clarice Mayne, who recklessly bills herself as "The Elsie Janks Don't stay in the hopthat Clarice will make you forget Elsie but hang on for the sake of her song I'm Longing for Some One to Love 2 c" and the really funny man who 100ls along with her on the plane. Miss

Clarice Mayne in Her Imitation of he herself is mildly entertaining. She has something of the refreshing quality of a London fog after you have escaped from that clammy tomb they call "the tube." If you feel that you need a change she will do you good. She is pretter "Yesterday morning, at the office, I tube." If you feel that you need a change she will do you good. She is prettier than most English music hall singers, and she looks "quaint" in the crinoline that ; ses with her love plaint. But her "imitations" are of the parlor variety, and her sttempt to give a verse or two of Miss Clarice Vance falls little short of a nasal The man at the piano, however, is worth watching. Keep your two eyes

Butter 300 Years Old.

weight of butter has been dug up in Fallagherane bog, County Tyrone, Ireland, by a farmer. The hoops and staves of the firkin, which was postscript that he'd be glad to have us to feel like a lonesome white chip. I drop in on him at his dressing-room betwelve feet under ground, collapsed when lifted up, but the butter, of pale drop in on him at his dressing-room be- to feel like a lonesome white chip.



Ever Go to the Theatre on a Pass? Just Listen! & By Clorence L. Cullen

hate to have folks hate me the way pons at me. As he'd just sold the man

.



jacks, stand pat, and then find four other fellows to the

*Yesterday morning, at the office, I got a letter from an old matey of mine, in the line growling, and I had to fall an actor man, who recently produced a out of my place in the line and mooch over to the door. The ticket taker were clips and take-offs together long looked at my red-inked order and before he ever dreamed of holding down handed it to a fat person standing on a Broadway stage as a star. Said in the other side. The fat person looked his letter that he'd like to have the at the order some disdainfully, mumspouse and I see him in the new piece, bled something in his throat, shook his

44 A D the gay, blithe evening at 4 o'clock in the afternoon she was still combing out her switches on the or ourselves last chiffonier, fixing the hooks and eyes on a waist, orange-sticking her finger-nails and getting ready generally for nanger No. 3, of one of the glad evenings.

the Subway Club, "We went down to the theatre in a joining his fellow- large young aquamarine taxi, both feelnembers on the ing pretty chipper and keyed up for an press. "Did you enjoyable little time.

"'You'll have to have this O. K.'d," ever open a pot the man in the box office growled at me as if he didn't like the way my hair

> "'By whom?' I asked him, humbly. "'Man on the door,' he replied, and



O. K.'d the Piece of Paper.

in front of me some seats in F, I figured that my pair of coupons would call for fairish seats, anyhow. But when I gathered up the wife, who wasn't happy over trimmed with banding, that long wait in the lobby with people but were a plain fabric tramping over her, and went in-the show was already on-the usher peeked at the coupons and stuffed us into the panel and yoke em-

absolutely last row.
"After the second act I dug up the would become far more head usher and, with great modesty, requested to be guided to the stage entrance, signifying that the head of the to occasions of greater cast would be willing to see me. 'Have to see the boss,' said the head The quantity of ma-

'Who's he?' I asked him. "'Who's he?' I asked him.

"'Man on the door,' said the head usher, and so again I went to the fat man, who obviously hated me. I told him, choosing the humblest words I knew, the circumstances—that the star, a very old friend, had expressly requested that the wife and I should drop in upon him at his dressing-room.

"'Can't be done,' he chopped at me. 'Gainst the rules. Have to see him at his hotel or somewhere. Nobody 'lowed on stage.'

Ten't I asked him.

tenal required for the medium size (10 years)

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his hotel or somewhere. Nobody 'lowed on stage.'

'That's all. We came away feeling like nobody. The highly important man on the door, whoever he was, meant that we should come away feeling like nobody. I'll get a pleasant note of explanation from my actor friend, of course. Hereafter, though, I'm going to buy my theatre tickets. I like to feel a leetle important myself occasionally, and you can't accept favors and feel that way, can you?'

Talks With Girls

By Gertrude Barnum.

THE BOOKWORM.



By T. O. McGill

"Arlotta wouldn't come out; she's got a book as usual," said Janet, planting

her stool near a group of friends by the "I thought she'd read every book pubished, already," said Flossie, watching

the prow of the boat cut through the

quoted, sententiously,

the laugh had subsided she added; it's almost impossible to prove they're 'Honest, I can't see what good it does Arlotta to know what somebody that's dead said about somebody else that's deader, while somebody that's alive gets the front seat in the breeze. I'm for keeping track of to-day's time table myself and watching what's doing in 1908." This speech was popular with every one except my friend Edna, who said, meditatively:
"Well, I don't see what good to-day's

ime tables are, unless you're sure you know just where you want to go. And it's sort of sad to see people making the same sort of fools of themselves in 1908 A. D. that people made of themselves in 1908 B. C. It does seem as though we might learn something from dead people. I don't believe in reading to get full, but I know that some books put

one wise to what's doing and what's to do, and make us feel like helping do it." PALE, high "What's your favorite book?" asked

A browed girl, Flossie.

'Oh, I don't know," said Edna, "I word and Tom Paine, and Tom Paine, dress, sat in the like parts of the Bible, and Tom Paine, ferry saloon, with and the Declaration of Independence, spectacled eyes and Mark Twain, and labor jour-

glued to the pages nals"-"What a mixture!" cried Tess. ."Ob.

of Buckle's Essays. what a headache!" "'Tisn't such a bad mixture. Some join us as we hur- of old Moses's advice, and the Golden ried by, with camp Rule, and something to cheer you up, and something to show what a fight's the outer deck, but been made for freedom, and which without looking up pie are fighting for it, and a few simple she shook her directions for every day use in your trade."

> After we had left the others she pursued the subject.

"That's funny about books," said she 'Most people won't believe anything that's said unless they know what book it came from. All the great men have to die and have their syaings printed "Reading maketh a full man," I a century afterward before they are taken for true. And the very worst "So does beer," remarked Tess. After thing about great men's books is that not always true! Arlotta, for instance, takes them all for Gospel." Edna sank into dejected silence for a few moments. But then she added, hopefully: "It's a good sign, though, that these days most everybody has a laugh at an

The Proper Caper.

old-fashioned bookworm."

the coffee's cold or flat, Scold your wife; If your chop has too much fat. Scold your wife; If you chance to get your sleeve In the butter, do not heave Soft sighs or in silence grieve-Scold your wife.

-Chicago Record Herald.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

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one way or another, so chosen and were the

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By Robert W. Chambers.

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A Revelation of New York Society

~**********************

on him and let your ears take care of themselves.

ATTOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS. her home?" Austin said sullenly but distinctly:

"The thing for us to do is to get out."

"The thing for us to do is to get out."

"The thing for us to do is to get out."

"The thing for us to do is to get out."

"The thing for us to do is to get out."

"Nina—if you are ready"—

"But—but what about Gerald?" faltered is read alike in prevent this for the is red of Serwyll's brother-in-law. Austin of Serwyll's serve of Serwyll's brother-in-law. Austin of Serwyll's serve of Serwyll's brother-in-law. Austin of Serwyll's serve of Serve of Serwyll's serve of Serwyll's serve of Serwyll's serve of Se ner Neergard, plans a real e

services limits that Selwyn eschins ; firm New gard uses Gerald in an a force inself into society. Gerald's transfer inself into society. Gerald's transfer inself into society of the services of the service

CHAPTER IX. (Continued.)

A Novice. LIXE, unusually flushed, was conducting herself without restraint; Neergard's snickering laugh grew more significant and persistent; even Rosamund spoke too loudly at moments, and once she looked around at Nina and Selwyn while her pretty, accentless laughter, rippling with its undertone of malice, became more frequent

in the increasing tumult. There was no use in making a pre tense of further gayety. Austin had begun to scowl again; Nina, with one at Alixe; and Alixe, unsteady in the ready?" shocked glance at Alixe, leaned over flushed brilliancy of her youthful beau-

"It is incredible!" she murmured: "she must be perfectly mad to make

(Copyright, 1901, by Robert W. Chambers.) anybody stop her? Can't anybody send, and led her from the table, following this. Come on."

"Y-you can't do that, can you?" 'Yes, I can, if you wish it. Do you think there is anything in the world I

can't do, if you wish it?" As he rose she laid her hand on his "I-I don't ask it'- she began.

I'm going to get Gerald-and Nina will So she went away with Nina and Ausyou'll drive home in my place."

you cannot understand."

near-her"-"I must." "If you do-if you go-h-how can you c-care for me as you say you do?-when

I ask you not to-when I cannot endure ty, half rose in her seat and stared back. tightened on Selwyn's arm: "She—she is benutiful!" and seltungs; but he turned

Austin, his sister, and Lansing; and she

"I must go back," he whispered-"dearest-dearest-I must." "T-to Gerald" Or-heri" But he only muttered: "They don't Eileen" gently detaching her fingers,

which left her hands lying in both of She said, looking up at him: "If you go-if you go-whatever time you return-no matter what hour-knock at my door. Do you promise? I shall be

awake. Do you promise?" "Yes," he said with a trace of impa-"You do not have to ask it," he said tience—the only hint of his anger at the with a smile almost genuine. "Austin, prospect of duty before him.

explain to you that he's to be left to tin and Boots; and Selwyn turned back. me if any sermon is required. I'll go sauntering quietly toward the table back with him in the motor boat. Boots where already the occupants had apparently forgotten him and the episode in As he turned, still smiling and self- the riotous gayety increasing with the possessed. Eileen whispered rapidly: accession of half a dozen more men.

"Don't go. I care for you too much to When Selwyn approached Neergard saw him first, stared at him and snick-He said under his breath: "Dearest, ered; but he greeted everybody with little laugh-"and the end of things for trouble with Neergard." smiling composure, nodding to those he Yes-I do! Don't go. Philip-don't go knew-a trifle more formally to Mrs. Ruthven-and, coolly pulling up a chair, seated himself beside Gerald.

"Boots has driven home with the others," he said in a low voice; "I'm go- glass, the smile still curving her lips.

ing back in the motor boat with you. And he repeated his question in a low, spoke to Gerald in a low voice; then to She turned swiftly and stared across Don't worry about Austin. Are you distinct voice—too low for Neergard to Selwyn, she said with a smile: "Rosa-The boy had evidently let the wine aione or else fright had sobered him, behaved with-never mind who. It is wait.

"One moment, then," nodded Selwyn; ping his voice to a tone too low for Neergard to hear-for he was plainly attempting to listen:

"You are making a mistake; do you know what they're doing. Let me go, understand? Whoever is your hostesswherever you are staying-find her and go there before it is too late."

She inclined her pretty head thoughtfully, eyes on the wineglass which she was turning round and round between her slender fingers. "What do you mean by 'too late?' " she asked.

late for me now?" "What do you mean, Allxe?" he returned, watching her intently.

"What I say. I have not seen Jack Ruthven for two months. Do you know I'll take care of my guests without your 1?" what that means? I have not heard from assistance." him for two months. Do you know what that means? No? Well, I'll tell you, Philip; it means that when I do hear from him it will be through his attorneys."

"On what grounds?" he demanded gaze. "Are you afraid of that whelp?" doggedly. "Does he threaten you?" plain later. But don't force things now She made no movement or reply, reclining there, one hand on her wine. I beg you." hear; and he was still listening.

"Grounds? Oh, he thinks I've mis-anyway, so you and Gerald need not shaved with—never mind who. It is wait. * * * And thank you for coming

lous little nod of her pretty head-"you | night, Captain Selwyn! Good night, Good night"-submitting to a tender | dared to say to you. * * * Austin, his sister, and Lansing; and she clung to him almost convulsively when his sister, and Lansing; and she clung to him almost convulsively when he halted on the edge of the lawn.

Austin, his sister, and Lansing; and she clung to him almost convulsively when he halted on the edge of the lawn.

Austin, his sister, and Lansing; and she clung to him almost convulsively when he halted on the edge of the lawn.

And quietly turning to Alixe and drop-suspected it for months."

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And quietly turning to Alixe and drop-suspected it for months."

I said is out of fashion—has no signifi-He stared at her; then: "Where are in a moment. Good-by and-thank you, you stopping?"

AND IS FINALLY RESCUED BY THE TWINS.

"Aboard the Niobrara."

"Is Mrs. Fane a guest there, too?" to hear; and she answered for herself eastward along the coast in the swift- breakfast, anyway." asking permission to do?"

the motor boat"-

gard with a sneer. "You'll mind your unsteady hand on Selwyn's shoulder own business. my intrusive friend, and want to talk with you-to-morrow. May

Selwyn appeared not to hear him. "Come on, Gerald," he said pleasantly. "Mrs. Ruthven is going over to the Niobrara"-"For God's sake," whispered Gerald.

"Divorce," she said with a reckless white as a sheet, "don't force me into

Mrs. Ruthven coolly leaned over and mund and I are going to Brookminster Instinctively the young girl's hand for he looked terribly white and tired, not true-but he cares nothing about over. It was rather nice of you"-sh "Yes." he said. "I'd go when you wish, that, either. You see"-and she bent glanced insolently at Neerward-"

with a smile at him, brimful of malice: est motor boat south of the Narrows. "Delighted to have you come aboard. The boy seemed deathly tired as they Capt. Selwyn. Is that what you are crossed the dim lawn at Silverside. Once, on the veranda steps he stumbled, room. A light came through the tran- all my heart-in my "Thanks," he returned dryly, and to and Selwyn's arm sustained him; but Alixe: "If you are ready, Gerald and the older man forbore to question him, very softly. Don't you know that everything is too ! will take you over to the Niobrara in and Gerald, tight lipped and haggard, offered no confidence until, at the door "Oh, no, you won't!" broke in Neer- of his bedroom, he turned and laid an

> "You know you may, Gerald. I am always ready to stand your friend." "I know * * * I must have been crazy to doubt it. You are very good to her hand-"that was all I wanted-to dressed. me. I-I am in a very bad fix. I've got |-to touch you before I closed my ayes

low," said Selwyn, cheerfully. "That's ing within his own-the little hand

good-night, and, entering his bedroom, pluish vein in the smooth wrist. losed the door.

while he continued on to the end of the the faintest breathing whisper of som; he waited a moment, then knocked own fashion."

"Is it you?" she asked in a low voice. "Yes, I didn't wake you, did I?" "No. Is Gerald here?" to speak to me about anything?"

He heard her coming to the door; it

"Then we'll get you out of it, old fel- He bent and looked at the hand ly- tell you"-Selwyn turned on him an astonished what friends are for, too."

With its fresh fragrant palm upturned raze. "Are you afraid of that whelp?"

The boy shivered—looked at the floor, and the white fingers relaxed, droopwith its fresh fragrant palm upturned

then, without raising his eyes, said ing inward above it-at the delicate it? Well, then, sit here and talk to me Then he released the hand, untouched sleepy, either; I can go days without it.

him to me please I wouldn't if I could no; after what I

I said is out of fashion-has no signifi-"I don't know whether Eileen is cance nowadays-or, perhaps, too much. Phil. It is good to see somebody of asieep," said Nina; "she expected a " " No. I won't areas and come out one's own caste again."

word with you, I understand. But don't even for you. Je me destinabilie—te (a set) word with you, I understand. But don't even for you. Je me deshabille-je fals A few moments later, Selwyn and sit up-don't let her sit up late. We'll be ma tollette de nu't, monsieur-et je vais He spoke loud enough for Rosamund Gerald in their oilskins, were dashing a company of dreadful wrecks at maintenant m'agenou'ller et faire m And his sister gently closed the door And too low a soir-et bonne suit-And, too low for him to hear even corridor and halted before Elicen's voice-"Good-night. I love you with

> He had been asleep an hour, perhaps more, when semething awakened him, and he found himself sitting bolt up "Yes, in his own room. Did you wish right in bed, dawn aiready whitening

his windows. Somebody was knocking. He swung out of bed, stepped into his bath-silyopened a very little. "Good-night," pers, and, passing swiftly to the de-

she whispered, stretching toward him opened it. Gerald stood there, fully "I'm going to town on the ear

train," began the boy-"I thought I "Nonsense! Gerald, go back to bed!

'I can't sleep, Philip"---"Can't sleep? Oh, that's the trouble, is He gave a mighty yawn. "I'm not As Selwyn passed back along the by his lips; and she withdrew it and corridor the door of his sister's room opened, and Austin and Nina confrontsoftly, and lean against it, whispering:

| Doesn't the morning air smell sweet? "Now that I am safely looked in-I I've a jug of milk and some grapes 'Has that damfool boy come in?" de- merely wish to say that-in the old and peaches in my toe-cupboard, if you his brother-in-law, anxiety days-a lady's hand was sometimes- feel inclined. No? All right; stretch aking his voice tremulous under its kissed. * * * Oh, but you are too late, out, sight for a thousand yards and fire